DOLLAROCRACY:

An American Story.

BY A NEW HAND.

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CHAPTER XV.-MURDER. The fortacule wither on your brow,

the cold tomb;
actions of the just
actions of the just
act, and biossom in the dust.
—[Shirley.

we must now take a look backwards at deings on which Mr. Blar-In one aspect we see is fired by a noble enthu politics and self-sacri-those who are willing to interests in the public the leaven of national public orators declaiming outiment, local leaders urging suppress every consideration advantage or prefer igh one standard only, of their country. The as streets cheer for the and the policies that s elevation in the eyes The spectacle is t Its millennial the eye that has gazed outled panorama of Oid-with its down-trodden

> in he seen from another standinf the observer already de-

liberties, its smoth-

natural play of enlight-lanks to the majesty of

will play the showman for us philosopher's dep. or hold the unspoken e machineries that He be-He will whisperingly bill into the play. See those trangued by voluble ora-reserves if reflection is at drinking the stimulant of or hard to grasp quickly. frame an abiding structure on as the principles of good gov-

the masses as to reap the contact of elevation by the mass. Doubtless they intend ctrine when they are lifted hear pulpit, and can then speak are if not with authority, uching protestations of sheer is the showman ss faith in our country, if we waive ching suggestion that many a patriotism of principle and erest-a patriotism, like revenue only. Look at croup in the corner here, the speil of the speaker, keep their enthusiasm of courtesy. Now come of courtesy. Now come and has bargained for some

or kind, for his support

the salary he will get if elected to the powers above In he will receive at least an or what he will hand to those a faction he belongs to in its rother bodies whose pecunpolitical is a compo o procure benefits, coral, for its members who and it secures itself by supporting votes of the e positions of power independence of public kings and windfalls betel veil have, in ancient

world to fall down and Tal discounts off both their cen away in the West and ds busy with the election, I Mahogany had thrown his Is work. He had not con-This was a movement n of substance and culture ns, had lost faith in

g are freed from the dollar we shall be able proudly

When votes

lose its savor if the cranks were suddenly snuffed out ridicule heaped on their They are what they are ature, which sticks thorns leaves to prick us into good three-cornered fraternity whole there was a preponquareheaded men of busi tolled the management.

may be said to have comdemocracy. It had faded es his muse was capa-hogany had all the it of his soul by the sore ly inflicted on his body, be to the fairyland of lit sold-paved city was the ade him by a millionaire wished to shine as an aud that Mr. Manogany, fo and many talents he had ilon, should write him a I Made Myself a Mily I Spent My Wealth which he would pay at the made by honest

name on the title page at he rich man scores of invitaa member of all the literary were condescendingly acr did in his life was the paper Most Profitable of Books of thich the latter read, with at a meeting of the Book

itical fight grew warmer, made the Patriot a veri-nin, firing all sorts of shot of the Blarnabyites. A as had forced themselves on They were entitled ic Failures." They ref the famous, or infamous, brought ruin upon all sorts f men. As the day of electo undertakings wonderfully ing development scheme with ion in these articles, until

certain facts in its possession which it was

certain facts in its possession which it was reserving for publication on the eve of elec-tion. Such things had been done before, and with powerful effect.

The Blarnaby party disdained to notice the covert attack. Their organs had enough to do to sustain their fire of editorial hot-shot at their opponents. When The Pa-triot made contemptuous allusion to "the interests, miscalled principles," of Biarna-by's party, the Biarnaby organ retorted with bitter abuse of "the Hogg, that Auriomaniac crank, that silk-stockinged nin-compoon, the whipper-snapper tool of a gang of long-haired persons, flat-bosomed shrickers, tea-guzzling whangdoodlers and thick-headed interferers with the rights and privileges of practical politicians."

Editor Mahogany himself had been chapped into the pillory as a renegade. Because he had once earned a wage by writing to order in one of the defunct papers of their party, he was now held up to the scorn of all staunch partisans. The poor man felt the sting keenly, but disdained to answer, as he might, that hardly a single one of his censors but had handled the dollars of all the factions in turn. He sternly stuck to parliamentary rules of debate in still his editorials, and drew a first, lines. all his editorials, and drew a tight line around his younger assistants.
One smart trick, however, he felt wick-

edly merry in playing on his short-sighted accusers. At the time (it was years ago) when he worked in the harness of the other cam, there was an association formed, of which he, as also some of his now rivals in editorship, was a member.

A certain fund had been raised by them

with the object of promoting the election of a well-known politician to a high position Mahogany was chosen as secretary, and it was not long before an unpleasantness arose between himself and the treasurer over the apportionment of the money. Mahogany ultimately decided that he would bring the matter before the whole associaon, because he felt there had been a gross misuse, if not dishonest use, of the fund, and as their candidate had lost the election, he, Mahogany, declined to accept any of the responsibility unless this matter was

Every sort of pressure was put upon him to "let up on the job," but all was useless. Gradually he discovered that almost every member of the finance committee had, in some way or other, sanctioned a disburse-ment of the fund by which they, individu-

ally, benefited more than the man they were supposed to be helping. Whether Mr. Mahogany was intimidated, or from some other cause his determination melted down, we shall never know now, but certain it is that he did withdraw from his hostile position so far as action went. All we know is that he resigned his secretary ship, left the association, and from that day to the present he happened to have been in the service of the other political party.

Now came the tempting chance to smite the enemy with his own weapon. One of the most virulent of his assailants was a big, bloated, be-diamonded boss, who had been a member of the aforesaid committee, iditor Mahogany had been working night as well as day of late, and the strain of it all may well have dulled the edge of his prudence. His Celtic blood tingled with the fleve craying for represence upon these the flerce craving for vengeance upon these doubly-mean revilers, men who had filled their pockets out of political dickerings, while he, faithful to conscience as he had ever been since his eyes were opened, had

emained lienestly poor.

He may have been unwise when he pen ned the scathing exposure of the secret db ings of those committeemen years back. It was certainly risking tremendous odds to publish figures and facts, letters and names, which threw a fierce light upon a matter the public had almost forgotten. It scorched not a few active workers now in similar organizations with similar methods and for similar objects. It flung the camp of the enemy into confusion at the critical hour when they least could stand it. It made leaders distrust their hirelings and wire-pullers doubt the sound-ness of their connections. The wildest accusations and challenges were now being hurled promiscuously among the Blarnaby-ites, each suspecting the other of treachery, for Editor Mahogany had cleverly kept in the background his personal knowledge of the matter exposed, and it was not every-one who knew that he was his own au-

thority.

This was one, but the principal, of the various antagonisms the Patriot had pro voked. Among the rest was the angry re-sentment of the Samoan refugees, the Polish peddlers and the Syrian immigrants who had joined forces at the instigation of polyglot agitator. This person, gifted with the talent of telling lies in five lan-guages, had made a fair living for severa nonths by working up labor strikes and po hitical societies among these ignorant peo-ple. He had falled in selling his services and the vast number of apocryphal votes he held in his power to theiCitizens' al-liance. They had shown him and his miraculous naturalized citizen-slaves to the miraculous naturalized citizen-slaves to the door without ceremony, treatment which inspired him with the desire to make terms with the Blarnaby party. Soon he was to be heard haranguing his seedy followers in the space in front of the Cooper institute in an unreportable Jargon of Babel tongues. He bade them heap up all their righteens indignation and fire it at the desire we have better which had had dastardly rag, the Patriot, which had had the villainy to hint that it would be time enough for them to demand exceptional privileges from the government when they had lived in the country as long as its na-tives, and had learned its law, and language

more completely.

They resolved, and resolved, again and again, that they would use every effort consistent with their inextinguishable Polish and Syrian and Samoan patriotism to sup-port their friend Blarnaby with the whole remnant of their new-gotten American patriotism. They howled and jeered and hissed whenever the Patriot was men-tioned; and one night one of these clubs clubbed together as many worn-out matclubbed together as many worn-out matcrates together as many work-out mat-tresses as could be spared by their lodging-house landladies, with which they made one of those sanitary bonfires for which New York streets are famous, and on this they burnt a sack stuffed with straw in the rude likeness of a pig, to betoken their re-spect for the editor of the Patriot.

While this warm work was going on, and everybody was growing more and more ex-cited over the contest, the whole country was suddenly electrified with horror at a

hocking discovery. Editor Mahogany was murdered! His corpse was found sprawling on his desk as if asleep, with a fearful hole in the back of his head, where it had been smashed in with the coal-hammer that lay on the or. He had been the last to leave-so his associates had supposed—on the previous night, or rather in the small hours of the morning. The pages on which he had disturbed, but horribly splashed with blood. Strange it was that the last words the poor man had penned were these, which ended his article: "Dulce et decorum est pe his article: patria mori."

The mystery appalled the public mind. There was no time, no inclination, or calm investigation. Every frantic scribbler flew to his inkpot as if at some mysterious word of command, and wrote wild demands that these savage Samoans and Syrians should be banished, the murderous Poles be exterminated. The grippe was instartly featured. minated. The crime was instantly fastene on them. The crazy drunkenness of partisan bigotry ran riot throughout the city and state and the whole of the land. "Down with political assassins!" was the furious cry, when the sentiment should have been, "Down with unjust clamor, down with race

hatreds, down with reckless wholesale con demnations!" Editor Mahogany had barbed his pen for keen and vigorous warfare, but it had never been steeped in poison. He had used to the

full his right of free speech, but only when convinced that it was for the right. He had struck no unfair blow, wounded no true friend, had given his undivided alternative the struck had said the struck had said the struck had said the struck had said the giance to the country that sheltered him, ad worked for its well-being with the devotion of a true patriot.

And he was butchered to remove his in-

convenient pen!

The excitement of the people began to calm down after a few days, but the undercurrent of intense feeling was not diminished in force—a feeling of burning shame that such a thing should be in a land where all are free men. A political murder possi-ble in a republic! Every honest citizen be-came a detective, for the escape of the as-assin and his abetters would be a scandal to the nation. Mrs. Dr. O'Clam wrote a daily series of most thrilling and affecting appeals to the Samoan. Swian and Polish appeals to the Samoan, Syrian and Polish immigrants to fling back the slanderous suspicious hurled against them by banding themselves together to offer a reward and

to hunt out the guilty.

The very next day after the discovery of the murder Blarnaby hurried into the office of the Patriot, eager to see Mr. Hogg. The two men met in the latter's private office, separated from the late editor's room by high wooden partition.

high wooden partition.

"Mr. Hogg—we are friends—?"
Hogg shook hands with a firm grip.

"What shall I say—what am I to say?
This is a cruel blow for me, not less than

"I know it Mr. Blarnaby; I feel for you Everyone who knows you must feel for

you."
"I would have sacrificed all my prospects
rather than this should have happened!" "Mr. Blarnaby, we are political oppon-ents; we have fought with more bitterness lately than I have liked or desired, and we may have other battles yet to fight; buthere's my hand-I assure you on my honor that neither I nor anyone here, nor any honorable man in the country, has the ghost of the shade of a suspicion that you have ever, in the slightest degree, encouraged any show of violence." They shook hands cordially.
"I thank you from the bottom of my much-troubled heart for saying this..."
"And I am printing it, too."

'I was sure you would. Hogg, we can be frank with each other. For the moment let us change one painful theme for another. You printed that infamous paragraph about Lady Ossulstone. Do you consider that fair play in political fighting?"

fair play in bolitical agating?"
"I wish we could have parted without touching so sore a subject; but since you wish it, I tell you straight; you brought it upon yourself, and more behind it!" Hogg was in no temper for calm discus ion, and who could be, in his shoes at such

Blarnaby changed his tone. He, too, was wound up by excitement after excitement to fever pitch. "Take care what you say! You seem to

threaten what sensation-mongers call 'more exposures, do you?"

Hogg jumped to his feet and rolled his half-hysterical speech out without pausing

"Your friends—your tools—are more likely to do that for you than I am. There's Fotheringham ready to turn you up; and Blobbe talking about your jealousy to the man in the street; and Dicker willing to sell you out if I would stoop to bribe his

dirty paw!"
"Blobbe is no longer my friend; the rest
have never been more than the friends of

"And yet you—you, with your rare insight into character and motive—you can permit yourself with your high status to jump up to power, eminence and wealth on crawling wretches like these as your steping-stones."
"I am a politician, not a political saint!"

"Your hirelings have threatened me with riolence in your interest. You shall see their letters. Your servant, Dicker, has villains in his pay, as I can prove, who threatened my poor editor with the fate they have given him." "All this is new to me!" "You have used Lady Ossulstone's name

"Silence, sir!" thundered Blarnaby; "you have no right to name her name to me!"
"I have the right of the man who is to marry her daughter!

Blarnaby was dumbfounded.
"You traded on that lady's name for the
benefit of your scheme and your candi-

Blarnaby clenched his fists as he hissed, "Be careful, Hogg, be careful!"

"And your scheme is a rank swindle!"

Hogg shouted the words, in his irrepressible excitement: "I know Terwilliger, and so does Sir John Tyrwhitt!" The words were not uttered before Blarnaby flew at Hogg as a tiger springs at his

They grappled each other in a wild way their faces livid and their lips tightly clenched. The wrestling was over in a mo-ment. No blow was struck. Blarnaby's superior agility gave him the advantage over the younger man. He got hold of Hogg by the shoulder and waist, and by a dexterous side-twist pitched him with his back upon his desk, and there he fixed him, glar

ing at him with rising fury.
Instantly checking his impulse, Blarnaby cented his passion in words which only he perfectest self-command enabled him to

"I am an old man compared with you, but I scorn to use my advantage. You have wronged me! By God, you have wronged me! Your father was hated because he succeeded. You would crush me when you think I am falling, as you crawled up to me while you thought I was rising!" Here Blarnaby flung him into his chair with the gentleness of contempt, and stepped back a pace, where he folded his arms across his breast and eved his confusedly silent for Pointing his finger at Hogg's face he con

tinued:
"You have the ill grace to talk to me of trading on people and floating speculations! Remember the career of your own father. Remember now that wealth was got which you so proudly sport to-day! Listen to me for the last words I shall condescend to utter in your hearing. I have used the world's weapons to win the world's triumphs, as your father did. He won. I am probably losing. But I have wronged no living soul consciously. My ambition has been strong; it has made my road rough; yours has been smooth. You were my friend. Lots of your friends have been mine; fair-weather friends, at whose desertion in my hour of need I smile the smile of defiance. I fail here. The world is wide. I shall succeed elsewhere. Tell your aristocratic friends from me I am stronger alone. Tell them that I have found that even love itself withers and vanishes if dis-appointed in its pitiful ambition!"

He stopped, picked up his hat, gave a si-lent bow, and turned to go. But from be-hind the partition there appeared a woman, evidently excited, but with ladylike self possession. She came one step forward and said with touching earnestness: "No; true love never changes."

It was no other than Mrs. Euphemia Shicksper, who had overheard the latter sentences on coming from her inner office to see Mr. Hogg. took her hand warmly and led ner out of the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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One Editor Who is Not Jealous-Senator Carlisle's Devoted Wife-Maggie Mitchell Renewing Her Youth-Inside Gossip.

special Correspondence of the Gazette. NEW YORK, Oct. 27. -Tom Nast, the veteran cartoonist, was seen on Broadway the other afternoon, pushed and jostled by the crowd and not known by sight perhaps to more than a dozen persons in his two-mile walk. He seldom comes to the city these days, preferring the quiet of his semi-rural home in Morristown, N. J. Time has whitened his hair and wrinkled his face, and his fingers are not so nimble as they were when he made his great success, a quarter of a century ago. He draws as well to-day as he ever did—although there be artists who say he is a clumsy workman —and his mind is wonderfully active. He has not grown old, but rather deliciously has not grown old, but rather denciously mellowed with age, as an apple ripens in the sunshine. His work is not in much demand now, although he derives a steady income from his pencil. But the younger fellows, with newer ideas and defter touch, have crowded him out. When Nast began work, newspaper illustrations were in their crudest form and there were not a drawn crudest form, and there were not a dozen first-class newspaper artists in the city. To-day newspaper illustrations have reached a degree of excellence little dreamed of, and quite two hundred good men find re-munerative work every day of the week, and nearly as many more poorer workmen manage to obtain a slender subsistence from

heir labor. It was thought once that newspap illustration was a fad of a day and would pass away, but such is not the case. The judgment of the best men in the business is that the work-excellent as it is-is still in its infancy. Illustrating a daily newspaper costs a snug sum of money. There are pa-pers in New York that spend \$50,000 a year n illustrations, and a great many men and women, too, are required for this work. Like all other branches of newspaper work, artists have divided themselves into specialists. There are cartoonists who cannot draw good portraits; men who can draw horses, but who could not make a cartosticate to save their lives artists who caricature to save their lives; artists who give up their time to making humorous illustrations, and free-hand artists who can do a little of all kinds of work well. These men earn from \$2000 to \$15,000 a year, ac-cording to their industry and ability. Perhaps the best paid illustrator in Amer-

ica is E. A. Abbey, who will make quite \$50,000 out of his illustrations of Shakes-peare. Smedley, Gibson, Parsons, Frost, Blum, Reinhardt, Goodman, Gaul, Kemble, and dozens of others are as well known as Abbey, if they do not make as much money. They are all strong, original, bold workers Gillam, De Grimm, Cusacks, Zhemerman, Opper, McDougal, Gray-Parker, Coultanse, Trowbridge, Jones, Barrett and a dozen others are names that will be quickly recognized by newspaper readers. Each has his own peculiar style of work, but they are all forthly in ideas, original in execution, and fortile in ideas, original in execution, and artists in every sense. There are scores of men, not known at present, who are doing good work and will be heard from in the

Many good men find profit in supplying "ideas" for the daily and weekly papers— that is, crude drawings of striking originality. Others supply filustrations at so much for the job in hand. From \$1 to \$15 is paid for drawing a portrait; from \$5 to \$75 for a cartoon or illustration to fill an entire a cartoon or illustration to fill an entire page; and from \$3 to \$10 for single and double column illustrations of ordinary events, Men like Gribayedoff and DeGrimm can make from \$10 to \$50 a day, according to their industry. All the men mentioned are of the first class, and have offered them daily more work than they can do

A Glimpse of Mrs. Russell Sage.

Among the women of the metropolis or them well deserved renown none stands higher than Mrs. Russell Sage, the wife of the Wall street financier, who, it is often said, can command more hard cash in a short period of time than any man in Wall street Mrs. Sage is in the early sixties, but her years, despite a very busy life, sit ightly upon her. She is about the medium height, rather slightly built, and her man-ners are gracious and charming. Mrs Sage is easily approachable. To newspaper men, who often call at her Fifth avenue home to interview her husband, she is most kind. She knows many of them by sight and a ew by name, and her invariable question s, "Have I ever met you before?" Mrs. Sage's hair is gray, and so are her eyes piercing gray eyes. She dresses in deep mourning, out of respect to the memory of her mother. She wears no jewelry, if a simple gold pin clasped at the throat is excepted. From long experience Mrs. Sage has become a ready speaker, and there are few women in Gotham who preside at business meetings of women's societies or social gatherings with more dignity and success. She possesses the strict business methods of her husband, and these she aphes to the various charitable enterprises with which she is connected, mastering all the details and giving everything her personal supervision. Mrs Sage is a highly cultivated lady and a true helpmest to her husband. She gives large sums every year to charity, but her bequests are so quietly estowed that no estimate can be formed of their amount. She is a graduate of the Proy female seminary of the class of 1848. The seminary was founded by Mrs. Emma Willard in 1821, and was the first institu-tion established for the higher education of women. She is a consistent church mem per and a strong worker in the Sunday

Henry E. Dixey, the clever comedian, who has amused millions of people, is a belever in the American drama. He was talking to me the other night about plays and the difficulty of obtaining good anes. "I wish," said he, "that some one would write a good play for me, something that would fit me and I could make a hit in! Oh, yes, there are no end of plays," he went on, "but they are poor plays and nobody wants them. I believe there is more money in play-writing to-day than in any other line play-writing to-day than in any other line of literary work. I am not the only actor who wants a good play. I know a hundred me, and women situated just as I am. lease tell some of the bashful men or women of talent to come forward with a good play for me. If it suits me I'll take it am pay a good price for it, and, besides, I'll do my best to make its author famous?"

eat Performance-For One Night. he per luck that has attended Miss Sation, and also George Barrett, brother Wason Barrett, recails a story told me 'Hustling Willie" Kelly, Grace Hawhorne's manager To meet Kelly is to feel hat life is worth living, and that joy, lessure and plenty are waiting on the corpleasure and plenty are waiting on the cor-ner to shake you by the hand. Kelly is a Western man, but for the past few years in in London booming his star. He startled the Englishmen by his boldness in advertising, and really compelled the British public to patronize and applaud his star. He has had many ups and downs.

He is to bring Miss Hawthorne to America y soon. I have had many queer experiences," he said, "since I first tied my trunk to a rope in a little Western hotel years ago and low-ered it to the street so I would not disturb

the man who kept the hotel. But the experience in London with Wilson Barrett crowned all my sorrows. We took a theater together, he to get up the play, while I was to manage the business. I boomed the show for all I was worth, and Barrett worked as man never worked before. I didn't like the play as I saw the rehearsals proceed, but said nothing until the night before the house opened. Barrett asked what I thought of it. I frankly told his I didn't like it. He didn't see to care about my opinion, and that the public would be pleased show opened to a big house to wo-thirds show opened to a big house two-thirds paper! I never heard such, ociferous applause. I thought that I we mistaken and the play had really caught on. After the show was over Barrett came to me flushed with enthusiasm. He was like a boy. The critics had told him it was a great performance. Be down early tomorrow mornin he said, and you will find a string of professional to open. Sure enough when I got down in the morning there were a couple of hundred

open. Sure enough when I got down in the morning there were a couple of hundred people in line. Barrett and I entered the door together. As we did so two sheriffs stepped up with attachments, and all the other people in line followed; they were all his creditors and mine. The house was never opened again. Everybody had heard of our success and wanted the money we That seems to be the trouble with Miss

Higher Prices for Scalskins.

Every woman will be sorry to hear that Every woman will be sorry to hear that sealskin garments are more expensive this season than for several years. This is due, of course, to the close season, by mutual ar-rangement between the United States and Great Britain. In some instances as much as 50 per cent has been added to the price of fine garments, and in all cases from 10 to

It is a little curious that all sealskins are still dressed in Louden. Many efforts have been made to successfully finish them in America, but all have failed. The secret of the famous English process is still carefully guarded. A few skins are dressed in America, but they lack the glossy finish of the London article.

I often see Miss Grace Dodge on the street—a tall woman of strong physique, with a sweet face and mild eyes. She i always in a hurry. She is just going some meeting of workingwomen or comit from one. She is all enthusiasm, and he eyes snap and her cheeks glow as she tells of the good work that is being done to help the young women who need help and who appreciate kindness. Although she is wealthy and might, as many rich women do, take her ease, she cares nothing for society, or dress or tens or his dinners ar reconor dress, or teas, or big dinners, or recei tions. She lives quietly, modestly, and all her life is devoted to making light the burdens of other women. She is continually doing good, and every day she devotes herself to some working women's meeting. She talks as one woman to another in plain language and as if all were sisters and each guage, and as if all were sisters, and each trying to help the other. Her favorite phrase in speaking is "We girls," She makes addresses on all sorts of household topics, and she has the happy faculty of inpiring confidence in others, and making hem talk and work, too. Most of her great fortune goes to charity, and she thoroughly enjoys giving and working for others-a trait altogether too rare in this workaday

One Editor Who is Not Jealous.

One Editor Who is Not Jeasons
The world goes very well these days with
Richard Harding Davis, associate editor of
Harper's Weekly. Davis is a big man in
more ways than one. He is of powerful
physique and is broad mentally. Just after
his appointment of the Weekly, the editor
of a weekly contemporary printed a paramentally which said in suprange that Davis graph which said in substance that Davis was not a writer, but owed his appointment to the backing of friends, and not to his own merit. The article concluded by saying that there was employed a man or another paper who was head and shoulders

above Davis as a writer.

Some people would have got angry at this, but Davis did not. He put on his coat and hat and immediately visited the editor in whose paper the paragraph was printed. "I didn't know whether he had come to lick me or not," said this man to me after-ward, "when he came marching into my room. He is built like a giant, and is a man of determination. When he told me who he was I trembled a bit. "I don't care any-thing about what your opinion of me is." he thing about what your opinion of me is,' h said, and my only reason for calling is to learn the name of the man who you say is such a genius. I want to get him for Har-per's Weekly. He is just the sort of a man I want."

upon the man, told him how he came to ar of him, and the latter is now one of the most valued contributors to Harper's. Not every editor would have taken the trouble Davis did, or have shown as little

Senator Carlisle's Devoted Wife. Mrs. John G. Carlisle, wife of the Ker ncky senator, is a frequent visitor to this city, and she always attracts attention. parlors, the cynosure of respectful admira-tion from those who did not know her. She is tall and superb looking. The blue-gras-region in Kentucky is famous for beautifu women, and Mrs. Carlisle comes from that region. In looking at Mrs. Carlisle her commanding height makes one think of Tennyson's lines describing the barge and ts occupants of tall fair women, who bore King Arthur away to the happy isles where he will one day heal his wounds. But this busy wife of the Kentucky senator and exspeaker is not poetical, but highly practical. Even when her hair was not tinged with gray, as it is now, and her form was slen der, she knew how to assist her husband in his work. Her bright eyes, the decision of character in her intellectual-looking face, and her quick physical movements, all indi and her quick physical movements, an indi-cate a woman well equipped to cope with almost any emergency. When Mr. Carlisle married years ago he was a young lawyer, noted more for his logical orations than his energy. His wife is credited with spurring him on and never losing an pportunity to assist him to advance politically. If the senator is ill his wife takes hold and keeps his correspondence up. And as to the tariff, she is almost as well posted as her husband. She knows what is going on in the political world, and is a clos-

reader of the daily papers.

There is nothing dictatorial in her character; it is strong will force and determination. One could tell by her unostentations manner of dressing that she did not aspire manner of dressing that she did not aspire to be a social leader. But those who know her say that she hopes to see her husband president of these United States one day. She is continually working to that end. How much she has done to help her husband only a few intimate friends know. Her life has been one of mixed sorrow and joy. She has been her husband's guardian angel. He is always in her thoughts. Sae has helped to save as well as make him.

Maggie Mitchell Renewing Her Youth. Maggie Mitchell is a puzzle to most peo-She has been before the public so ong that the meuticm of her name seems like an echo of the past. No one would have imagined that the aged, slight-formed woman I saw in a horse-car yesterday was the favorite actress. But, indeed, it was Fanchon—slight of form, with wrinkles, crows' feet and other indications of age. She moved spryly, however, and acted more like a women of twenty-five than one of— well, never mind. She has worked industriously for many years, and saved her money. She has had the good sense to pre-serve her health, too, and so declares that age has no terrors for her. She goes about on the stage with an elastic step and as enon the stage with an elastic step and as en-thusiastic as a conquering soubrette. She has delighted millions of people, and, unless all signs fail, will continue to act for many years to come. She attributes her good health to plentiful bathing and horsebariding. She has been a close student of the drama, and accumulated quite a library. She is known, too, as a quick-witted busyess woman who can speculate with profit She is known, too, as a quick-witted business woman, who can speculate with profil in the summer she lives at Elberon, and there she spends the long, dearly summer days with her husband and her friends beside her, and horses and dogs near by. In private life she is known as Mrs. Charles Abbott. She has made a fortune on the stage, and better still, she has kept it to make pleasant her closing days.

READY BELIEF S ntly stor the fost excrudiating pairs; never fails to give ease to the sufficier. SPRIMS, RUISES, BACHAOM, PAIN IN THE CHEST OF SIDES, HEAD-E, TOOTHACHE, or say other or the PAIN, a few applications, rubbed on by r. deed PAIN, a few applications, rebbed on by in a instantly stop. For CONSESTIONS, INFLAM-BALGEA, LUMBAGO, CONTICA, AINS IN THE duded and repeated applications are necessary. All A. DYSENTERY, COLIC, SPASMS, "AUSEA, extended and repeated applications ICA, DYSENTERY, MLIC, SP UNIES, SLEEPLES, ESS are re y20 to 60 drops in half, tumbler of ESS are refleved instantly and numbler of water. in counts a Mil by drughins. DWAY'S FALS there is to better CURE or REVENTIVE OF FOVER AND AGUE

LADIES' FRIEND.

-READ WHAT THEY SAY OF THE-

Gazette's Cook Book

WEEKLY GAZETTE ONE YEAR AND COOK BOOK ONLY \$1.50.

READ THE TESTIMONIALS.

BEST COOR BOOK OUT.

DENTER, TEX., Feb. 20, 1891.

Fort Worth Gazette:

Your premium cook book received. We are well pleased with it. All the recipes tried have given perfect satisfaction. I regard it as the best cook book on the market, as we have five different cook books, and I can cheerfully say that your book is the best and cheapest one of them. Yours with respect, O. P. ELLIOTE.

THE BEST SHE HAS SEEN.
HURST, TEX., Feb. 17, 1891.
The Democrat Publishing Company:
Sims—I think the cook book worth three times the cost and the best that I have seen.
Would not part with it for twice the price.
MRS. F. R. HILL.

ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY.
SITE SPIRINGS, TEX.
DEAR SIR—The book is entirely satisfactory. and everyone who sees it admires it. I think it is worth twice the money I gave for it. Many thanks to you for the book, as well as for your worthy paper. C. H. TURNER.

WORTH MORE THAN IS ASKED.

LANGAM, HAMILTON COUNTY, TEX., Feb. 18, ISSI. 1

Fort Worth Gazette, Fort Worth, Tex.;

The cook book is more than you claim for it, and worth much more than the price paid for, without counting a year's reading of the best Democratic paper in the state. I don't see how you can sell such a valuable book for so little money. I would not be without THE GAZETTE one year for twice what the book and paper cost. Pleased beyond expectation.

G. W. BULMAN.

COULD NOT DO WITHOUT IT. COULD NOT DO WITHOUT IT.
CUBA P. O., TEX., Feb. 15, 1891.

Fort Worth Gazette, Fort Worth, Tex.:
DEAR SINS—Your cook book came safe to hand several days ago, and am well pleased with it, as it is a great help to any person keeping house. We could not well afford to do without it now. Yours as ever.

W. K. BOATWRIGHT.

FOR RICH AND POOR.

SMITHFIELD, TEX., Feb. 20, 1891.

Editor Gazette.

We have two or three cook books, but not being a stockholder in any national bank, nor interested in the Louisiann state lottery. I have not been able, financially, to utilize them any great extent. But I find in the Louisian great extent. But I find in the Louisian any great extent. But I find in the Louisian any great extent. But I find in the Louisian any great extent. But I find in the Louisian any great extent. But I find in the Louisian any great extent. But I find in the Louisian and sealed to the house of limited means, plenty of cheap. The and healthful recipes: while, if the are plenty rich and delicious enough to give a tobacco sign not only for the cooking recipee, but for many good things in the other departments. If you will renew your request in about two years. I will tell you better what I think of it, for it will take fully that long to test the hundreds of recipes contained in the very valuable hook.

W. B. Nichols,

ALL LADIES SHOULD HAVE IT. ALL LADIES SHOULD HAVE IT.
ROUND TIMBERS, Feb. 22, 1991.
The Democrat Publishing Co.:
SIRS—I have received your valuable cook book,
and I think it is a book all ladies should have
that have cooking to do. Those that do not
could learn how, and I think the price is very
low. My wife is very much pleased with ours,
and would not take twice the price of her's. I
am yours respectfully.
T. K. HAMBY.

HIS WIFE WELL PLEASED. BELTON, TEX., Feb. 26, 1891. Publishing Company:
GENTS—The cook book came through in due time; have had high living ever since. Book cannot be excelled in the money invested. My wife is well pleased. Yours with respect.

WORTH THRRE TIMES ITS COST.

LADONIA, FANNIN CO., TEX., Nov. 15, 1890.

Fort Worth Guzette, Fort Worth, Tex.:

DEAR SIR—The cook book is worth three times the cost. I would advise all young marwied couples to buy it and the encyclopaedia.

W.P. FERY.

MUCH PLEASED. ACTON, TEX., Feb. 15, 1891. Editor Gazette:

DEAR SIR-I received the household cook book as a premium to The Gazette. My wife is well pleased with it. Much success to The Gazette in her undertaking. Very respectfully.

C. G. GARDNER.

HIGHLY PLEASED.

VALLEY MILLS, TEX., Feb. 16, 1891.

Democrat Publishing Co., Fort Worth, Tex.:

The household cook book, sent my father as a premium with the Weekly GAZETTE was received in good order. I have tried it and am highly pleased. Think it or the paper either worth the money paid for both. Respectfully, JUNO SCRUTCHFIELD.

AGREEABLY SURPRISED.

AGREEABLY Solves AGREEABLY Solves AGREEABLY Solves Agreeably surprised Must sny that I was agreeably surprised when I received your cook book. It is much better than expected. Besides so many excellent recipes for cooking I find other valuable information as well. Best wishes to The GATEFIE.

THOS. J. CHAPMAN.

GETS THE PAPER FREE.

LAWNDALE, TEX., Feb. 12, 1891.

To the Editor of the Gazette.

We are in receipt of your Household cook book sent as a premium with the Weekly Gazette at the low price of \$1.50. We are well pleased with the book. My wife is never at a loss to cook a meal when the book is in the kitchen. The book is worth the money, so we get THE GAZETTE free. Hoping the paper much success, I remain, yours as ever. get THE GAZETTE ITC. Success, I remain, yours as ever, V. W. COWART.

To the Gazette.

DEAR SEE—I have examined your Household cook book and will say I am pleased beyond expectations: would not be without it for ten times the cost. Success to the GAZETTE.

MRS. S. C. DABNEY.

MANY VALUABLE RECIPTS.
ARLINGTON, TEX. Feb. 10, 1891.
Fort Worth Gazette.
The cook book I received as a premium for one year's subscription to The GAZETTE I consider worth fully the amount of the cost of the paper and book. \$1.50. Outside of instructions received to the control of the cost of the paper and book. \$1.50. for cooking there are many valuable recipes. I found one recipe I paid \$1 for. Success to THE GAZETTE. An old subscriber.

M. J. BRINSON.

WORTH DOUBLE THE PRICE.

GORDON, PALO PINTO COUNTY, TEX., Feb. 11, 1891. DEAB SIR-When I received your cook cook DEAR SIR—When I received your cook cook I was surprised to think how you could bring out such a valuable book for 50 cents. It is worth it with so many valuable cooking recipes, and medical recipes, and canning recipes, and many other valuable recipes. This book ought to be in every home. I wish every housewife had this book in her house. It is valuable to any ene, and I would not be without it for \$1.

J. B. Gunna. BEST FOR THE PRICE

PANHANDLE OF TEXAS,
LARRYIEW, HALL COUNTY, TEX.,
Feb. 15, 1891
I have received the Household Cook Book have used the same and will say it is the best book for the price ever offered. I would recom-mend it to every family wishing a good cook book. Westing you success with same, I re-main yours truly. W. Z. HARAWAY,

WELL PLEASED WITH IT.

QUITMAN, TEX., Feb. 14, 1891.

DEAR SIR—My wife is well pleased with the cook book so far as she has tried it, and says she would not be without it for twice the money if she could not get another. Yours respectfully.

R. B. CAVE.

BETTER THAN RECOMMENDED. WESTON, TEX., Feb. 12, 1891.

Mr. Editor.

Dran Sin-The cook book given as a premium with The Gazerre is far superior to what I expected. It is more than it is recommended to be, not only a cook book, but full of good recipes for diseases which children are subject to. I believe it would cost at least \$1, or perhaps \$1.50, at a bookstore.

B. F. DOUGLAS.

BRECKINGIDGE, TEX., Feb. 14, 1891.

Weekly Gazette, Fort Worth, Tex.;

GENTIZENN-Your cook book, given as a premium, came safely to hand and was well received. Mrs. Trammell expressed herself well pleased with its contents, being just such a book as she has long needed. It is nicely bound and is a handsome present.

D. B. Trammell.

QUITE A RELP. ALEXANDER, TEX., Feb. 75, 1891.

Editor Gazette:

Received your cook book, and think it quite a help to young housekeepers. Besides the recipes for cooking there is other valuable information.

Miss J. M. Miller.

THE BEST SHE HAS CONSULTE The Democrat Publish Worth Tex.
My war and she never has able, her mother having taught her tanhecessary qualification to insure a comfortable, pleasant home was to know how either to
properly prepare a meal herself or have it done
and I take pleasure in testifying that he
mother was correct. However, this cook book
received from you is the best one she has coo
suited, and we think you deserve thanks for
distributing so useful a present. Respectfully
etc.,

P. A. GRAHAM.

DAVIS POOR FARM.

THROCKMORTON COUNTY, Feb. 14, 1891.

To the Gazette, Fort Worth, Tex.:

SIR—Your cook book came to hand all righ and it gives entire satisfaction; just what you represented it to be. Could not do without it E. P. DAVIS.

WORTH MANY TIMES ITS COST.
PAINT ROCK, TEX., Feb. 15, 1891.
Editor Fort Worth Gazette:
I received the "Household Cook Book" that
my husband got as a premium with TEX GAZETTE. I am delighted with the book. I hav
tried a number of the recipes in it and fix
them to be good, and can safely say it is far se
perior to any book of the kind I ever saw, an
is worth many times what it cost.

MIS. JENNIE M. REAVES.

EVERY FAMILY OUGHT TO HAVE IT. HOPKINSVILLE, KY., Feb. 17, 1891

HOPEINSVILLE, KY., Feb. 11, 120
To the Gazette:
DEAR SIR-I am in receipt of your cook bool forwarded me as premium to the Weekly GAZETTE. I am well pleased with the book an think that every family ought to have it. It a better book than I expected for the money No one need be without it for it is cheap at the price. Yours respectfully,
GEORGE H. BOYD.

A GOOD INVESTMENT. WAXAHACHIR, TEX., Feb. 14, 1891.
Democrat Publishing Company:
I received the cook book and am well pleased with it and think it would be a good investment for every household. Yours,
MRS. G. H. CUNNINGHAM.

ALONE WORTH THE PRICE OF BOTH.

Democrat Publishing Company, Fort Worth, Tex.:
GENTLEMEN-I must say that I think the cook book alone worth the \$1.50. However, your paper is the best weekly paper published in Texas in my estimation, and I think it ought to be one of the home comforts in every house in Texas. My wife has tried a good many recipes out of the cook book and was more than pleased with the cook book and was and, them. Yours to command, ROBERT DE MARTEL.

WELL WORTH THE MONEY.

DEAR SIR-Your cook book come to hand. It is a book that I think well worth the money. My wife is well pleased with it. Yours truly, G. W. Armontrout.

WORTH DOUBLE THE COST.

TRICKHAM, COLEMAN COUNTY, TEX., | Feb. 11, 1891. |

Editor Gazette. Fort Worth:

GENTS-I am well pleased with your cook book, and I think it worth double what it cost. My wife says she would not do without it since she has tried it. Yours, W. D. MATHEWS.

HIGHLY PLEASED WITH IT. PARSONS, TEX., Feb. 12, 1891.

Paksons, Paksons, Your cook book is all you claim it to be and is worth the money paid for it and I am highly pleased with it. Yours truly, MRS. P. M. SISK. AEYOND RIS EXPECTATIONS.
WHITESGORG, TEX., Feb. 10, 1891.
Democrat Publishing Company. Fort Worth,

Tex:
The cook book received as premium with The
GAZETE is beyond my expectations, and my
wife is delighted with it. Think it is worth
several times its cost. Please accept my thanks
for same. Yours truly,

F. W. REAST.

WORTH PRICE OF PAPER AND BOOK. CRANFILLS GAP, BOSQUE COUNTY, Feb. 12, 1891. Democrat Publishing Company.

DEAR SIR—The Household Cook Book sent to me as a premium with THE GAZETE was promptly received. As to its merit and value I cannot say too much, I think it well worth the subscription price of the paper, exclusive of your valuable paper.

S. H. SPROULS.

WORTH MORE THAN THEY COST.

CQLEMAN, TEX., Feb. 15.

The Fort Worth Gazette, Fort Worth, Tex.:

DEAR SIRS—As to the merits and value of
the cook book and the weekly paper I think it's
worth more than the money that I paid for
them. Yours truly.

J. G. Capps.

HB OLD DOCTOR'S

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

The Cal ted Fort Warth West Drilling &

bushed by hidden way to become rell bushed bushed bushed bushed way to become rell bushing in pun as of arge with the Garatte.